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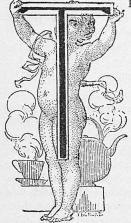
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THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



HERE is said to be somewhat more than the usual dissatisfaction in the ateliers with the present Academy Exhibition; some of the stories of the rejections are singular, and the eccentricities of the Hanging Committee are visible to the public. It might really be said that the species of artistic blight, as it were, which pervades the Academic atmosphere seems to have affected some of the best of the painters who have been won over to contributing to its exhibitions. Most of the portraits

are hung in the East Gallery, which is rather severe on them, but the exhibitor who contributes a large, sad-colored picture of an ordinary citizen, solely with the view of attracting other citizens to be painted, perhaps is not, after all, entitled to much consideration. Of these portraits, the President of the Academy contributes three; Eastman Johnson, two, one of which, the half length of a gentleman, is marked by an air of life and character. The portrait by William M. Chase of Mrs. Leslie Cotton is refined in color and treatment. The lady is dressed in pink tulle set off against a chocolate background. The difficulty of maintaining the values in this trying scheme is made obvious by the bluish tinge of the flesh. Mr. Vinton portrays a gentleman, who is probably more alert and alive than most of his neighbors. The stiff, lifeless, wooden aspect of many of these sitters is, indeed, surprising. The most interesting canvases are nearly always those in which the sitter brings to the unequal collaboration some charm of beauty or of youth, as did Mr. Blashfield's or Mr. Porter's; the latter artist has, nevertheless, contrived to get the head of his little boy painted in one key, and all the rest of the picture in another; and Mr. Tarbell, whose work hangs just above him, has done the same thing. Mr. Denman has treated his subject better, and he is hung over a door; Mr. Whittemore has painted the head of a comely mulatto girl, apparently well, but his picture is also skied.

The best examples of technical skill in figure painting, are generally, as usual, furnished by the artists living abroad, or who have just returned. Charles Sprague Pearce's "Ste. Geneviève," recently noticed in the exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy, reappears here. Edward E. Simmons's strong painting of the old man stooping over the little child in his lap, which has also been exhibited and reproduced, is here, very badly hung. The "Ste. Geneviève" is banished to the extreme end of the Western Gallery, along with the plasters of the sculptors and other miscellany. The post of honor in the South Gallery is occupied by Thomas Hovenden's large canvas entitled "In the Hands of the Enemy (after Gettysburg)," which was sold on Buyer's Day, it is said, for \$5500, to Mr. Robbins Battell. The "enemy" in this case are represented by the family of a Pennsylvania farmer, who have installed the wounded Confederate in the big easy-chair of the homestead and proceed to overwhelm him with kindness. The old mother brings him a cup of tea and lays her hand tenderly on his unwounded arm; the father and the young daughter bend over him sympathetically; a Union soldier, with his own head tied up in a bandage, dresses his wounded leg, and two more sit at the window playing checkers, apparently, one of them turning to approve of all these proceedings. The War of the Secession furnishes subjects for three or four other painters, one of them Gilbert Gaul. His "On Dangerous Ground" represents a party of skirmishers firing from behind some haystacks; the sunlight is rather chalky and the legs of the stooping officer in the foreground have been replaced by a pair of extraordinary stilts, but the figure of the timid soldier stiffening himself up behind the stack in an agony of apprehension is excellent. Two or three of the few imaginative subjects

are more interesting. G. R. Barse, Jr., sends a "Polyxena" extended on the pavement in a somewhat conventional attitude of despair, but well painted, with the exception of the drapery of her lower limbs, which is too much of the same color and texture as the stones of the pavement. Mr. Marschall shows a nymph and a faun sitting together in amiable converse in a sunny landscape. Mr. Mowbray has two of his pretty pieces of color. The "Arcadia" represents the usual group of lightly attired maids, strumming and idling in a summery close. The "Three Calenders" is more original and shows these three one-eyed sons of kings sitting in the house of the three lively ladies of Bagdad and relating their adventures. The white costumes of the men are quite effective; the ladies are not particularly Oriental, but they are all very young, which is a very neat idea in a fairy tale. Kenyon Cox's "November" is conventional in design but rather original in color-a figure with blown hair and drapery sitting on the ground and gathering her knees up to her chin. Her drapery is of a smooth, warm light red, and the warm tones of the painting contrast strongly with the very cool grays of the surrounding pictures. His "Calisto" is simply a careful study of a pretty model painted in a low key and with an arbitrary classic landscape behind her. Rosina Emmet Sherwood's "Nymph of Hymen" is a pretty blonde maid with a harp, who trips along through a grove of oranges, or some other fine fruit. Mr. Robinson's "King's Daughter" is a tall young woman, who lives in an atmosphere of much color; she stands straight up before you, with one hand on her hip, and turns her head to contemplate a great white lily which she holds. Mr. Low's decorative young girl in "purple," with a presumably "gold" sky behind her, is heavy. Mr. Church presents a little girl named "Mollie," who sits on a bank, with three spotted fallow deer, with white chrysanthemums tied neatly around their pretty throats, lying at her feet. There are only two or three angels—a small one by Mr. Faxon, good in color but not very pretty in countenance, and a big one by Ella Condie Lamb, much too feminine in figure, but quite imposing with her magnificent pinions.

The only other notable excursion into the land of the imagination-which the American artists travel very little-is that of Edward C. Potter, the sculptor, who furnishes a little round-bellied infant faun sound asleep on his back while a sneaking little rabbit crawls up to nibble at the vine leaves in his hair. Mr. Loeher might have found better inspiration for his "Siegfried," also in plaster, even at the Metropolitan Opera House; while Mr. St. Gaudens has, apparently, not been able to find any anywhere for his medallion portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has represented the writer as invalided, which does not seem to have been necessary, propped up with many cushions and writing a sonnet with very long, thin hands. The verses are carefully spelled out on the field in front of him; the principal character in the figure is in the hands, which are evidently those of a sick man. Mr. Elwell exhibits a bust of "Rebecca," spirited, but not so good as some other things he has done. Olin L. Warner shows a little bust of a baby in which he seems to have been striving after the methods of the sculptors of the end of the fifteenth century, and G. Scott Hartley sends two life-size busts of Edwin Booth as Brutus and Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, for the Players' Club.

George Brush, who occupies a field by himself, is represented by an Indian "Potter" seated on a blanket and painting a fine large ornament in white on a blue glazed vase—one of the first pictures sold. F. H. Tompkins's "Good Friday in Bavaria" shows a young girl kneeling on the floor to kiss the head of the crucifix extended on the altar steps. C. R. Grant's "Morning News" represents a young lady in a yellow gown reading the same, and is well painted. Lewis Moeller repeats his successes and his shortcomings in his "Confidential"—four middle-aged men putting their heads together in earnest conversation in a conventionally painted interior. The legs and feet of these gentlemen suffer from want of solidity and modelling, but the heads are surprisingly characteristic and very carefully studied

in all but the matter of their respective distances from the spectator. Mr. Dewing sends two small canvases, the head of a lady and the figure of another standing very straight and in profile. Both of them have very long necks and an air of evident posing. If it were not for Mr. Dewing's good color and general refinement of treatment, these portraits would be seriously uninteresting. Irving R. Wiles and Hamilton Hamilton have each painted a couple of ladies in evening dress at a piano, one in each case seated and the other standing. Francis Day shows a vivacious young person who takes off her half-mask and says, "Didn't you know me?" One of the best pieces of careful figure painting in the collection is Maria Brooks's plump colored woman shelling corn in her lap.

Of the landscapes, the largest and most important is George Inness's "Coming Storm," a long canvas in which the dark purple of the clouds is made to contrast very effectively with the warm greens of the meadow in the foreground. This is hung too high, as is Mr. Eichelberger's large canvas representing a panoramic view on the Harlem river, which is well painted. A bright, clear view on the Scheldt, full of air and light, by Harry Chase, is hung in the Corridor, as is a portrait of a little girl, by Mr. Sargent; Mr. Blum's "Two Idlers" on a summer porch; Mr. Van Schaick's masqueraders strung out along a divan in every posture of picturesque abandon, and Albert H. Mansell's large study of the black, sharp bow of an ocean steamer and several tons of green sea-water-the latter over the doorway into the North Gallery. One of the curious canvases hangs to the left of this door, a wide expanse of water, extending nearly to the top of the frame, spotted with the heads of seven or eight small boys swimming. More small boys are seen in Robert V. Sewell's view on a sunny beach where they are disporting after their bath, with various warm tones and cool shadows over their naked little bodies. A very good serious study from nature is E. L. Field's "Old Road," another is Bolton Jones's "Autumn," and another is George H. Bogert's "Morning on the Beach," with its red sun shining through the bank of cloud. Homer Martin is well represented by his "Winter Cherries, Coast of Normandy," and Swain Gifford by his "Ravine, Nanshon Island, Mass." There are numerous other good landscapes and at least two good animal pictures—one by A. Phinister Proctor, where the vanquished stag is driven from the herd by his rival, and Mr. Tiffany's color study of a black and a buff ox yoked together and stooping to drink. W. H. Beard's bear luring the foolish little pig into his claws, is vulgar, but funny; J. G. Brown's news-boys shouting their papers are of the usual kind.

SOME MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

AT Keppel's gallery, formerly devoted exclusively to etchings, an exhibition of American water-colors was recently held, among which we remarked Mr. Swain Gifford's richly colored sketch, "A Tile Kiln;" Miss McChesney's "Gloucester Harbor;" Mr. Church's girl and tiger, "Circe," and Francis Day's clever study, "Afternoon."

Two recent paintings by George Inness, a "Moonlight," with figures in the foreground, near a smouldering fire of dead leaves and branches, and a "Farm Building, with Cattle," under a gorgeous sunset sky, are at Knoedler's gallery, where also may be seen a "Farmhouse on the Hillside," from the Twachtman sale, and a boldly painted picture of "Hay Stacks," by Mr. Van Boskerck.

Two of the best pictures from the Davis sale, Rousseau's "Gorge d'Apremonte," and Degas's "Ballet Girls" are at Mr. Durand-Ruel's galleries, where are also a fine Corot, a Diaz, horses near a pool, some excellent water-colors by John Lewis Brown, and an early Troyon, remarkably hard and mannered.